

STEVENSON'S HOME.

A VISIT TO THE DEMOCRATIC VICE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

A Comfortable and Artistic Home at Bloomington—Three Budding Daughters Eager for "Papa's" Election—An Interesting Interview.

[Special Correspondence.]

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., July 4.—This town is beginning to feel big, very big, because of the great men it is furnishing to the country. It was the home and birthplace of David Davis, of whom it was proud. It was proud, too, of Governor Hamilton, who was first elected lieutenant governor and succeeded Oglesby when Uncle Dick went to the senate. Then it swelled up with pride when Stevenson was made official headman of the postoffice department and



MRS. A. E. STEVENSON.

der Cleveland. The election of Governor Joe Eifer followed, and then Bloomington appeared to wait awhile for further honors.

But Stevenson's nomination for vice president was a surprise. The news came when the citizens had no oratory on tap and not a complete stock of Fourth of July fireworks on hand. They gave him a cordial welcome, however.

However plain and approachable Stevenson may be in political life, he is thoroughly an aristocrat home. "The best liver in town," said a neighbor who knows and who has often crooked knees under the Stevenson mahogany. Socially the Stevensons are very select and have been among the society leaders. Now, of course, they are at the head of the bon ton circle in Bloomington, an element which is considerable here for a smart western city of 25,000 people. Stevenson has made himself moderately rich. He is interested in many enterprises, among them a coal mine, and his prominence in federal affairs gave him good opportunities for investments which have netted him handsome returns. His home here is a large two story brick, surrounded by tall elms and facing Franklin park.

The interior at once convinces the visitor that feminine arts control the decorations of a home which will be visited by thousands of strangers during this campaign. Both General Stevenson and his wife brought from Kentucky the old family portraits in oil, which are seen and cherished more in Kentucky than anywhere else. Whatever else may be sacrificed by a family, the portraits are kept, even as a sad reminder of former opulence "before the war." There are pictures of J. T. Stevenson, father of the candidate, who died here a few years ago; of his mother, Eliza Stevenson, who yet lives, at the age of eighty-three, but resides with another son, a business man of Bloomington.

There is also the portrait of a kindly faced man, Professor Green, the friend of Mrs. Stevenson. Professor L. W. Green was president of the Danville (Ky.) college when young Stevenson was a student. Like President Harrison, Adlai Stevenson wooed and won the daughter of the college president. Letitia Green was a pretty girl, and is today a handsome woman. She also came to Illinois when her father died, and lived with a married sister in Chenoa, a short distance from Matamoros, where her student admirer was a struggling lawyer. He courted her at Chenoa, and marriage followed an engagement of three years.

You will find plenty of life and youth in the Stevenson mansion, as all the children are at home and full of joy at their father's honor.

They all loved Washington life and ardently desire to go back with a higher social position. The young girls of the family are especially eager in their anticipation of "papa's" election, as they are just budding in the society garden. Neither of the three girls was quite old enough to "come out" during their father's official connection with the Cleveland administration. Mary, the eldest, is now but nineteen, and has strong features, auburn (almost red) hair in abundance, with a graceful white neck and clever figure. Her nose is rather too prominent for beauty. Julia is almost eighteen, while the youngest, Letitia, named for her mother, is sixteen, and celebrated her birthday just the day before her father's nomination. Not one of the three girls is as handsome



THE STEVENSON HOUSE.

as the mother, as they seem to take after the rugged Stevenson side of the family. They have all had the best of literary and musical training and take a very prominent part in the social gatherings of Bloomington. Their mother has brought them up after the good old Kentucky fashion.

The only son and eldest child is Louis G. Stevenson. He is quite young in appearance, although twenty-four, and his health has not been good. It has interfered with his taking up any business, and he has just returned from a long visit to California, made for his health alone.

It is rather a remarkable fact that all four of the national candidates now before the people are Presbyterians. President Harrison is one, and married the daughter of a preacher in the same denomination. Whitelaw Reid was born and baptized in the Presbyterian church, the sternest of the Covenanters' sect, and received a little lead token from an elder before he could sit in close communion at the Lord's Supper. President Cleveland is the son of a Presbyterian preacher, and while not particularly religious has always kept in mind the early teachings of his father. His grandfather and great-grandfather on the Cleveland side were also preachers. General Stevenson completes the quartet of Presbyterians, and the people of this country are bound to have a Presbyterian in the White House whichever party wins. The second Presbyterian church at

Bloomington, where General Stevenson and his family attend, is a very small, unpretentious brick structure, painted gray, and standing two blocks from the court house square. The interior is very plain, the decorations being of wall paper with the stained glass windows also being rather gaudy. It is not a large audience room and has no regularity in the pastor preferring to stand out before his people and but a stenographer while the quartet choir renders indifferent music from behind him.

The Stevenson pew is No. 56, not quite half way up the center aisle. The pastor is Rev. W. P. Kane, recently called here from La Fayette, Ind. He is a tall, finely built man, quite an exponent in fact of muscular Christianity. There was some surprise on the first Sunday after the general's nomination that no one but himself and daughter Mary were present, but Mrs. Stevenson was worn out by the excitement of the week and could see no one even at home. This I found when I called, but the general himself opened the wire screens, asked me in, tendered a cigar and was as cozy as a country lawyer welcoming a new client.

"First of all, general," I said, "let me ask you where you got that name Adlai?"

He laughed, then answered: "It is not generally known, but that is a strictly Scriptural name, although not a common one. Its meaning is 'the just,' and I am proud of it. For several generations it has been in our family, on my mother's side, like that of Whitelaw in the family of my competitor. I hope I will sustain the meaning of the name in my career."

Continuing as to the family history, he added:

"My great grandfather was a Scotch-Irishman, born in Ireland, and settled in Ireland county, N. C. I have today received a letter from Governor Arnsfeldt, who lives in that county, and he claims me as of old North Carolina stock, also pledging me the vote of all my relations and every Democrat. My grandfather moved to Christian county, Ky., in 1813, and settled on Little river, ten miles south of Hopkinsville, where I was born. I received my first schooling from James Caskey, one of the old time school teachers, who had a profound contempt for the new ideas of moral suasion. He kept no books to note our standing and progress by marks. The marks he gave were carried by the pupils on their bodies. He was a firm believer in total depravity, especially of his pupils, and there was nothing in the conduct of boys at that time to dispel the idea. He is long since dead.



THE STEVENSON CHILDREN.

"There are several families who came here from Christian county. An uncle, John W. Ewing, was the first, and was one of the first mayors. It has been forty years since I first saw Bloomington as a boy of fifteen, and it was then a village of 1,500 people. Several of the Ewings of my mother's family, including Whig Ewing, of Chicago, and my partner, James Ewing, were among them. Whig Ewing's right name was William, but years ago, before the war, when Lincoln was a lawyer here, he stopped at the tavern kept by the Ewing. He nicknamed the boy 'Whig,' and it has stuck to him so long that he has accepted it as his right name, proud of his godfather.

"My father died when I was twenty-one. I was a student at Danville, Ky., then, and among my mates were Governor Crittenden, of Missouri; W. C. P. Breckinridge, Senator Blackburn, Governor McCleary, R. P. Jacobs, Judge Delaney and Doctor Young, all eminent Kentuckians. Dr. Young is now president of the college, and was moderator at the recent Presbyterian general assembly at Portland, Danville was at that time the Athens of Kentucky. I never graduated, and have never been given a degree. I came home and studied law with Mr. Williams here, but practiced at Matamoros for ten years, meanwhile marrying and holding office until I moved back to Bloomington. I married, as you know, at Chenoa, a little town laid and named by Matt Scott, a brother-in-law. It is an old Indian name, originally spelled 'Chenowah,' but this practical generation cut it short.

"No, my family did not mingle much in Washington society, as my eldest daughter was then a mere schoolgirl—a child. Besides I am a plain, everyday man, and as a friend once said, I never had more than fifteen dollars ahead in my life. I guess that was too low an estimate, for perhaps I had more than that, but not much more. You can see that we live plainly, but with comfort."

The frankness and easy way of General Stevenson strike the stranger very favorably, and he never hesitates for a word or a ready answer to any question. He is quick, keen, and while making no display of shrewdness certainly conveys the idea at it from the start.

Cleveland first met Stevenson as a member of the committee which formally told him of his nomination in 1884. Grover took great fancy to the Sacker politician, and had been more eminent might have put him in the cabinet. As it was he was appointed principally at the request of Vilas.

His business does not allow him much time for legal practice, and as a World's fair director he has traveled through Mexico and other countries preparing for exhibits. He is also president of the Interstate Building and Loan association, a prosperous concern, with headquarters in this city.

His good old mother is of course very proud of her son's success and declares that he ought to be a good vice president.

FRANK B. GESSNER.

Black Bucks of India.
The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male, when full grown is of ink blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow, the contrast being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape, and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds, and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads in the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking.—St. Nicholas.

Long Sermons and Obscure.
In Wales religious services are too often long, obscure and relentlessly theological. I know of one Nonconformist minister in Flintshire who seldom preaches for more than twenty minutes. But he is, alas! a rare exception. When his example is followed the chapel will be better attended.—Liverpool Mercury.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

A TRAMP THROUGH CORNWALL—II.

Some Cornish Hobgoblins and Bagaboos. Growsome Deserted Mine Stacks—Moving a "Mine Bob"—Growder and Growder Sellers—Roadside Games and Strange Old Customs.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar L. Wakeman.]

CORNWALL, June 13.—Whatever Wesley and Whitfield, with the railway, the newspaper and the telegraph, may have done in altering the every day lives of the Cornish folk, no power has yet been able to banish the endeared wraiths of the mysticisms and mysteries of a legendarily heroic past. Today, as firmly as five centuries since, the inner heart of the Cornish man clings to his "droll" or tale of giant, hobgoblin and fairy with the greatest tenacity; and a few of these are interesting by way of illustration. Belarian was formerly the name of Land's End, as also the name of a mighty giant who made it his home. Cormoran built St. Michael's mount, but was slain by the redoubtable Jack the Giant Killer. Holburn of the Cairn defended ordinary mortals from other giants than himself. The Giant of Nancledy principally subsisted upon little children. The giant Trebiggan frightened bad children into virtuous lives, and dined off the incorrigible ones, which he usually found upon a flat rock by his cave door. The giant Blunderbus, killed by little Tom Hickwhirt with a cast axie, was the embodiment of surly laziness and cruel greed. The giant Wrath, terror of the coast, walked out to sea a dozen miles or so, and, fastening the fishermen's boats to his girdle, strolled leisurely back to his cave to serve his prisoners up for food at will.

To all Cornish folk these monsters still live in fireside tales, and the numberless monuments to a pagan past scattered over the rocky tors and wild moors, such as the cromlechs, monoliths and other rude stone monuments, are the household gods and pastime implements of this vanished but not vanquished race. Every hill or crag has its cairn or cromlech; every gorge or glen its ghost or goblin. The knowledge of all this takes firm possession of the wanderer through Cornwall.

If these were not enough to keep alive all manner of weird superstitions, the chimneys of the deserted mines of Cornwall alone would furnish sufficient growsome influence to itself create and foster spooks enough for an entire people.

Away back in the vicinity of Liskeard they began to loom darkly upon the landscape. From this place they are everywhere seen, increasing in numbers as the Redruth district is approached, and decreasing in frequency toward St. Ives and Penzance. From the top of some high Cornish hill what seems to be hundreds can be seen, and on the road between Redruth and Camborne, a distance of but five miles, I counted upward of forty "knacked" or abandoned mine stacks.

They usually comprise the towerlike chimney, the old engine room and the lofty bob shaft. Indescribable sterility and dreariness encompass them. Not even furze will grow upon the "poor dirt" and "churks" or mine refuse around them. Daws chatter in their tops. The wind moans through the rotting chimneys. Weird tales, superstitions and whispers of tragedies are associated with them. I often turn aside to the dreariness of these places. In one I found a half dead English tramp, with his half starved wife who had just given birth to a child. Here was real tragedy for another Cornish bagaboo. I left them a little money, sent a member of the mounted constabulary to them and went on my way, but now I see ghastly faces through the crumbling walls of every other "knacked" mine stack that looms in sight.

Moving a "mine bob" is one of the curious performances in the Cornish mining districts I happened to witness. Turning from a hill lane into a wide highway I saw a great concourse of people following an enormous truck drawn by at least twenty teams of shaggy Welsh horses. Joining the crowd I found that Cornish folk had come from miles around to see the "mine bob movin'." This "mine bob" is the great beam, the hugest piece in all huge Cornish mining machinery, which works like a steamer beam, the man engine and the mine pumps. This one weighed upward of 118 tons! A mine had been abandoned; a new one was being opened by the same company, and from the great forge works at Hayle had come this iron truck forty feet long, with the tremendous engine driver's on which the tremendous casting was being conveyed. The earnest interest of miners, "kepens" (captains) and engineers who accompanied the procession; the curious excitement of hundreds of stragglers drawn together by the event, and the mischievous pranks of Cornish boys that something would "scat" or break, to increase the anxieties and tension of the occasion, here very great owing to the hilly nature of Cornish roads, furnished a most interesting opportunity for character study. The greatest personage on all the road that day was the teamster who drove those forty Welsh horses. Like the boys, I envied him, and marvelled with them at his handling of his whip, his powerful lungs and his glib and urgent tongue.

The marvelous whiteness of all Cornish housewives' floors, tables, chests and chairs have been my constant admiration. I learned the secret on a recent Friday, which day of every week is "growder day" in Cornwall. You will see numberless donkey carts hurrying up and down the hilly highways or halting before village doors. They are filled with some light and pumice-like substance dug from near hillside pits, and are in charge of women, cheery and stout and half dressed as men, or of boys already full of shrill whistling and the quiet philosophy of older tradesmen.

I stopped one of these boys with a smile, a sixpence and the question: "What have you in your cart?" my lad. "Doan't e knaaw, you? Load o' growder, my son."

"Growder? What is it for, my lad?"

"Scroobin floors, my son."

"What do you get for it?"

"Same ol' drug—happy a tub." And then, with an unearthly whistle and a "Goas long, dunk!" both directed to his shaggy little beast, away he goes with his cartload of stuff, resembling as much loose tapicium in his cart box.

In a few moments he will be found before the window or door of the miner's cottage with the growder seller's question of time immemorial.

"Growder today, mawther?"

"How't a-sellin' us today, my son?" is her as ancient answer.

The reply forever has been the same as to me—

"Same old drug—Happy a tub!"

which is both fine sense and poetry in Cornwall. For by "drug" is meant task, labor, drag or burden, and "happy," or a half penny, a tub, which holds about a peck, has been the price of growder since "Twenty thousand Cornish men" started for London singing "And shall Trellawney die!" A load of growder is scattered upon the soiled table and sprinkled with water. There is a "swish" of the housewife's brush, and in an instant more the whole top is foaming with lather. Once each week every square inch of the Cornish home is so "scroobed" with growder that for the time the entire interior shines and lathers like a turbulent sear.

One of the most fascinating pleasures of the road in Cornwall will be found in loitering alongside of groups of Cornish boys engaged in their various games. Chief of these are "toe stones" and "cobnutting." Both are played wherever the spirit of ebullient battle overtakes these sturdy little embryo miners and fishermen, and their pluck, persistency and pertinacity are unsurpassed.

In "toe stones," a diagram similar to the one chalked on deck for "ship billiards," with a rounded end like that of a bagatelle board, is drawn in the road, and the game consists in kicking with the left foot, the right foot being always held in the right hand, a round, flat stone from the approaching line from one space to another, but never over but one line, clear around the entire thirteen spaces and out again without ever once having dropped the right foot. The little fellows become wonderfully expert in this difficult feat.

"Cobnutting" is an all-the-year-round sport. Much of its zest comes from the dangers in securing the nuts necessary for the year's supply. Common hazelnuts are used. These are got at great risks from the demesne copses and forest edges. The prizes, with the "shucks" still on, are stored away in the attic and dried with the greatest care, so that the nut fiber becomes hard and horny. The hazelnuts are allowed literally to fall out of their sheaths. All the round, smooth, ripe, shiny nuts are preserved sacredly for "cobnutting." It is often a Cornish boy's entire winter employment and diversion to prepare the cobnuts for the rest of the year's battle for superiority with his fellows. The sport takes its name from the "cob" or shell of the nut.

The cobnuts are prepared by boring a hole through each side of the nut, removing the kernel and filling the hollow shell with lead or shoemaker's wax, the latter being preferred. The shoemaker of the village is consequently an almost revered personage with all Cornish boys. A "waxed end" drawn through the loaded "cob" or shell, and held by a strong knot, completes the cobnut, and you cannot find a boy in all Cornwall who has not one ready strung for contest and a pocketful ready for stringing for reserve contingencies.

Ties are drawn for first "crack." The loser throws his hat upon the ground and lays his cobnut in a little hollow upon its side. Then the "cobber," or striker, holding his cob between the ends of the fingers of his left hand and the end of the attached waxed end in his right, after many feints, motions and "slights," brings his cob with almost the force of a bullet upon his opponent's. One or the other is "scated," or broken. It is turn and turn about. Generally one of the lads has his entire stock of reserve cobs destroyed.

Yesterday was "Taking Sunday" in this parish, and a most interesting and ancient Cornish custom was observable in Clowance park, on the noted St. Aubyn estate. The park and gardens are open to all on "Taking Sunday." One of the glories of the park is a magnificent mall, bordered with some of the noblest beech trees in all England.

On the afternoon of the Sunday two weeks before Mazarid fair, which derives its name from the Mazarid cherry fair annually held at Prazze in the latter part of June, when tons of this luscious fruit are disposed of by the farmers of the surrounding country, thousands of Cornish youths and maidens may always be found promenading in this Clowance park mall. They sometimes come from a distance of ten and twenty miles. Cornish young men resort here to choose their "pals" or "company" for Mazarid fair, and here the blooming lasses come to "taken," that is, pledged for Mazarid fair day.

Many an exultant or broken heart returns home that night, successful in its secretly cherished hope or stinging from bitter disappointment. But Mazarid day comes, the lad walks miles for the girl he has chosen on "Taking Sunday," and together they tramp away to Prazze. It is a glorious thing to be chosen or "taken" at Clowance park, but her whole fate hangs upon a parcel of cookies and almonds at Prazze.

These constitute the "fairin" or pledge of betrothal; and it is asserted that half of the women of Cornwall have been married through this curious troth. If the maiden's "pals" buy her one pound of ginger cookies and a half pound of almonds, and she accept the same, the two are as sacredly betrothed as though bands had been read from the pulpit. The lucky maiden carefully preserves the "fairin" and triumphantly divides it with her relatives and friends, in token of her new relations to, and consequence in, her own curious little world of affairs.

A few weeks ago I ran down from London to witness "Furday" at Helston. This festival, unquestionably having its origin in the "Floralia" of the Romans, is annually celebrated throughout Cornwall by little home and neighborhood parties, and at Helston, from time immemorial, as a festivity peculiar to that place on the 8th day of May. Long before daylight happy groups of lads and lasses start in every direction for the country lanes and hedges, singing:

For we were up as soon as any day, O,
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May, O,
For summer is a come, O,
And winter is a gone, O!

or a dozen other ballads of similar import, the refrain of which is,

On the 8th of May
The Flora day,
We all set off a-dancing!

And indeed do they. At every farmhouse there are mad rushes of these merry makers to be first to hang a twig of "sloane" blossoms upon the latch, for such for centuries have been entitled to a portion of bread and cream. The blossoms of the "sloane," a kind of cherry, are gathered everywhere with all precious buds and blossoms of early summer. Garlanded with these the floral troopers return to Helston, when the festivities of the day really begin. The old town is fairly imbedded in spring blossoms and garlands. This completed, all classes join in a universal carnival of dancing. Every door in Helston is thrown open to the merry marauders. Arm in arm, and usually four abreast, thousands, dancing to a sort of quickstep time and accompanied by May day songs, pass in the front doors of houses and thence from rear to front of other houses, and from dawn to dark weave serpentine threads of blossom, odor and song through and through the old Cornish town.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Dumb Excuse.
A rich gentleman purchased a parrot of a bird fancier in a rather low quarter of London. The man warranted the bird to be a splendid talker, but though the gentleman kept it for months it never made any sound approaching the semblance of a word. The gentleman called on the bird fancier and asked him how he accounted for it.

"Well, sir," said that worthy, "yer see, that bird was brought up in my humble home, and I expect when it went to your house and saw all the bootful surroundings it was struck dumb with surprise. I daresay it won't ever talk now, sir, but in course that ain't my fault."—London Tit-Bits.

Both Sides Admitted It.
Gargyle—The jury in the Swayback case must have been composed of very ignorant men.

Gumme—Why?
Gargyle—The lawyers on both sides asked the Judge to instruct them.—Detroit Free Press.

INSURANCE STATEMENT.

[Published by authority of the Auditor of Public Accounts for the Commonwealth of Virginia.]

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING THE 31ST DAY OF DECEMBER, 1891. Of the actual condition of the IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, organized under the laws of the Kingdom of Great Britain, made to the Auditor of Public Accounts for the Commonwealth of Virginia, pursuant to sections 1260 and 1261, Code 1887, regulating the reports of insurance companies.

Name of the company in full—IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Home or principal office of said company—LONDON, ENGLAND.
Character of the company, whether fire, fire and marine, or marine insurance company—Fire.
General manager—EDWARD LOGGERS SWINEFORD, LONDON, ENGLAND.
United States manager—JOHN C. PAIGE, BOSTON, MASS.
Organized and incorporated—1803.
Commenced business—1808.
Name of the general agent in Virginia—HOWARD SWINEFORD.
Residence of the general agent in Virginia—RICHMOND, VA.

I. CAPITAL.

The amount of subscribed capital stock of such corporation..... \$ 8,000,000 00
The amount of said capital stock paid up in cash..... 1,500,000 00

II. ASSETS.

Value of real estate owned by the company, less the amount of incumbrances thereon..... 476,634 79
Account of stocks, bonds and treasury notes of the United States and of this State and other States, and also of stocks and bonds of incorporated cities in this State, and all other stocks and bonds, owned absolutely by the company.....
Total Par Value Market Value.....
New York city 3 per cent. bonds, due 1908, and other bonds..... \$949,566 67 \$1,014,766 66
Total par and market value carried out at market value..... 1,014,766 66

Amount of stocks, bonds and all other securities (except mortgages) hypothecated to the company as collateral security for cash actually issued by the company, with the par and market value of the same, and the amount loaned on each:
Cash belonging to the company deposited in bank (name bank), in San Francisco, Cal., \$150,732; cash in hands of broker, Morgan & Co., \$3,345 85. Total..... 154,077 85
Interest due and accrued on stocks not included in "market value"..... 2,898 93
Gross premiums in course of collection not more than three months due..... 198,604 61
Bills receivable, not matured, taken for fire, marine and inland risks..... 4,049 45
All other property belonging to the company.....
Aggregate amount of all the assets of the company, stated at their actual value..... \$1,369,596 86

III. LIABILITIES.

Gross claims for adjusted and unpaid losses due and to become due..... 20,708 16
Gross losses in process of adjustment, or in suspense, including all reported and supposed losses..... 62,473 49
Losses resisted, including interest, costs and other expenses thereon..... 15,065 62
Total gross amount of claims for losses..... 98,247 27
Deduct reinsurance thereon..... 575 69

Net amount of unpaid losses..... 97,671 58
Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks running one year or less from date of policy, including interest premiums on perpetual fire risks, \$200,948 37; unearned premiums 50 per cent..... 452,974 15
Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks running more than one year from date of policy, \$784,320 01; unearned premiums, pro rata..... 427,483 55
Due agents..... 36,090 84
Total unearned premiums as computed above..... 812,320 58 1,015,221 01
Surplus beyond capital and all other liabilities..... 357,365 30

Aggregate amount of all liabilities, including paid-up capital stock and net surplus..... \$1,808,806 30

V. INCOME.

Net cash actually received for premiums..... \$1,150,578 49
Received for interest and dividends on stocks and bonds, collateral loans, and from all other sources..... 25,158 31
Income received from all other sources..... 9,856 28
Aggregate amount of income actually received during the year..... \$1,185,593 08

V. EXPENDITURES.

On Fire risks.
Gross amount actually paid for losses, including losses incurred in previous years..... \$917,696 15
Total deductions..... 874,380 75
Net amount paid during the year for losses..... \$903,415 49
Paid for commissions or brokerage..... 240,241 18
Paid for salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and all other employees..... 110,890 92
Paid for State, national and local taxes in this and other States..... 45,987 76
All other payments and expenditures, viz: interest on borrowed money..... 36,014 32
Amount of deposit premium returned during the year in perpetual fire risks..... 67,499 15
Aggregate amount of actual expenses during the year..... \$1,340,440 48

The foregoing statement was sworn to by John C. Paige, United States manager of the company.

HOWARD SWINEFORD, AGENT,
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RICHMOND, VA.

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